

# EXTRA

O'CLOCK.

## CHINAMEN CUT UP BY A JAP.

BLOOD FLOWS AFTER A POLITICAL DISCUSSION IN MOTT STREET.

Chin Mon and Chin Sam favored the Republican candidate and spoke right out to the Celestials assembled in the "Joint"—Yam Ompe, Loyal to Uncle Sam, Got in Some Work with His Knife.

The burning question of the hour as to who will be our next President has extended to Mott street, where the most serious fight of the campaign occurred shortly before 1 o'clock this morning.

Yam Ompe, a Japanese, twenty-two years old, employed on the United States man-of-war Atlanta, is under arrest for stabbing the two cousins Chin.

One of the Chins is a faunt dealer in Mott street and the other is a laundryman. Chin Sam was in court to appear against the Jap, but his cousin was unable to be present, as he was tending about on a cot in Chambers Street Hospital suffering from a nasty stab wound in the shoulder.

Chin Sam is an intelligent youth of about 22 years. He was dressed in dark trousers and the regular blouse of quilted silk. Two very bright and sparkling eyes, and just a little more of queue was discernible under the soft felt hat which was pulled down over his head.

As he told his story he exhibited his right hand, covered with bandages.

He said he was standing in front of 25 Mott street, talking with his cousin, Chin Mon, when Yam Ompe rushed up and drove a knife into Chin Mon's shoulder. Mon yelled "Geomer!" (pronounced Ge-o-may), which is the Chinese word for murder, and he, Sam, turned around and went to his cousin's assistance.

Yam Ompe, at his face, but Sam parried the thrust with his right hand and received a deep cut on the middle finger.

Then the Jap ran through Mott street to Doyer, to Catherine, to East Broadway, and as he reached the corner of Oliver street and New Bowery, Policeman Michael Kehoe spread-eagled his arms and caught the murderous Jap in close embrace. He was hustled off to the Elizabeth street station, where he spent the night.

In court Yam Ompe said through his counsel that it was simply a case of mistaken identity, as he had not been in Mott street during the night. Sam, however, positively identified him, and then a certificate from Dr. Ten Eyck was produced.

The doctor said that "Mr. Chin Mon was confined to his bed with a severe incised wound in the left shoulder. Justice White held the prisoner in \$500 bail for examination on Wednesday.

From Chin Sam this Evening World Chinese reporter learned that the three were in a "joint" in Mott street earlier in the evening, when some one started to discuss politics. The Jap said that he was for Cleveland, as he had received patronage at his hands, as he had a good position on the Atlanta.

The Chin cousins, on the contrary, favored Harrison. The discussion became hot and the Jap was provoked to cut and slash. Sam was allowed to read the reporter's manuscript and when he had finished he added:

"The above is true and correct.

Chin Sam 信

Yam Ompe was locked up in a cell in the Tombs to ponder. Chin Sam went out of court smiling and chatting with a land of his countrymen.

## ELAINE GOES TO MAINE.

He Leaves Quietly with His Wife, His Son and Congressman Beattie.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Elaine, accompanied by their son Walker and Congressman Beattie, of Maine, left for Augusta on the 11 o'clock train this morning.

Their departure was made quietly through the Twenty-third street entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where a carriage was in waiting to convey the party to the depot.

The Plumed Knight has made his last speech of the campaign, and returns to his native town, to rest his vote and await the result of the election.

An Ousting for the Pastime.

The Pastime Athletic Club's walking team and cross country team took an outing yesterday, and rode the distance from Sixty-sixth street and East River to Fort George Atlantic Garden, seven miles, in one hour and fifteen minutes. The team will soon attempt to lower the record made by the Spartan Harriers' run to Peekskill.

Young Mrs. Elaine Recovering.

Mrs. James G. Elaine, Jr., is rapidly recovering from her serious illness, and the recovery of her only daughter of time, should no longer be a cause of anxiety.

Mrs. Elaine, Jr., left without having made an effort to see her daughter-in-law, or made any inquiries regarding her condition.

## OUR MARY AT HOME AGAIN.

SHE IS THE PRETTIEST OF THE PRETTY THINGS AT IRVINGTON.

Still an American in Heart and Home and Expecting a Good American Welcome—Thinks She Ought to Have Political Views—No Statuesque Coldness About the Fair Young Actress To-Day.

Mary Anderson was the prettiest thing in her mother's pretty house at Irvington this morning. Her night's rest and her own American air had done her good in the way of refreshment after her voyage. She was looking extremely well and spoke with animation, which also showed itself in her face.

"I am glad to get back to America, of course," she said. "I have not forgotten my native land. Some of the papers speak as if I had become an Englishwoman by my residence abroad. I am an American and have no wish to be anything else, and I assure you my welcome home was very agreeable to me."

"But your company is entirely English, isn't it?"

"Yes, my company is an English one, but we are used to playing together and that is a decided advantage. It is absurd to make anything out of that."

The large eyes and delicate mouth expressed some little scorn, quite in keeping with the words.

"Do you think you will feel any strangeness in playing to American audiences after so long an absence?"

"Well, hardly a strangeness. I am not unfamiliar with American audiences" (with something of a twinkle in her eye), "and I have not forgotten what they are like. They were very good to me once, and I confess that I expect good treatment from them now."

"Do you feel that you have advanced in your art?"

"An actor must be very good, or very poor, not to have improved somewhat by years' acting and study. This is especially true about Shakespeare's plays. Some new conception of a character, or at least a larger view of it, is brought home to the actor by frequently performing the same role. I have certainly learned a great deal. I can say that without vanity, and a bright smile played about her mouth, as Mary at this modest estimate of her own advance."

"Do things seem natural here?"

"Oh, yes! But I feel as if I ought to have some political views and should be in favor of some one or other of the candidates. This is a lively time to strike America in, and especially in New York. Things will have quieted down before I cover before Monday, and people will be able to take an interest in the political personages of the stage. It was rather a novelty and certainly a great surprise to me to find that both Hermione and Perdita played by one person. It was an innovation, and they are not very fond of innovations in London. Here they take things like that more completely."

"What do you think of the other actresses you have seen—Ristori, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal and Sarah Bernhardt?"

"Sarah Bernhardt is unquestionably the greatest actress in the world. Miss Anderson is not answered without any hesitation. "Mrs. Kendal and her husband, too, are very good in their line of work. Ellen Terry is very charming, and Miss Anderson is very good. I suppose you have had trunks full of Worth gowns and splendid toilettes?"

"I haven't so many French things. I think Miss Anderson was a good deal better than Worth for my costume, especially the classic ones. He helped me with his suggestions and arrangements."

"Do you feel any nervousness in regard to your appearance here?"

"Not nervousness," said Miss Anderson. "Of course, in anything of the kind there is some apprehension. But I do not think my audience in my own country is better than less kindly than my London ones did, and they were very appreciative. I am an American actress still," concluded the bright tragedienne, with another significant smile.

Miss Anderson is looking well and is full of the most artless gaiety and high spirits. The impression of statuesque coldness, which at times has been conveyed by Mary Anderson on the stage, was not borne out by her cheery manner on this occasion. She was dressed in a simple but very becoming gown which fitted her admirably.

## A FINE SHOW OF HORSES.

That Which Opened To-Day at Madison Square Garden.

The annual horse show of the National Horse Show Association of America opened at 9 o'clock this morning at Madison Square Garden, under the most favorable auspices.

The forenoon was devoted to arranging the exhibits and no New York babies were ever treated with more loving care and attention than the 40 horses, big and little, and many, agile and graceful, which are assembled at the famous old pavilion.

President Cornelius Feltows, Vice-President John C. Heckscher, Treasurer H. H. Hollister, Secretary W. J. Wharton and his assistant, J. T. Hyde, were indefatigable in their efforts to give each exhibitor the choicest place in the building for his or her exhibit.

After to-day, as the decisions of the judges in the various classes are given, a blue rosette on a horse's head will denote that he has taken first prize, a red one will indicate the winner of second prize, and a white rosette, highly commended.

From 11 to 1 o'clock the horses are exercised in the T. A. Barker ring in the rear of the building. Eben's military band discoursing sweet melody the while.

This evening there will be a parade of stallions of color, and carriage horses and cobs and ladies' saddle horses will be judged in the ring; after which, at 9:30 o'clock, there will be practice jumping over 50-inch hurdles in the arena by hunters with riders. Among the exhibitors are Pierre Lorillard, Mr. Sedgwick, the Cotton Stock Farm of Joliet, Ill., H. L. Herbert & Co., Freddie Gebhardt, Mrs. Langtry, J. B. Herbert, W. E. D. Stokes, John G. Heckscher, W. H. Wharton, Frank Ferguson, F. A. Underhill, A. J. Cassatt, Stanley Mortimer, J. G. Beresford, A. C. Tower, Mrs. Lloyd Applewall, T. A. Havenner, J. R. Robert, P. Robinson, Miss Florence J. Hurd, Elliott Zabrowski, August Belmont, Jr., Mr. Cadogan and Mr. Hamilton.

A Reward of \$500

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. BARKER'S CATARRH REMEDY for a copy of catarrh which they have been cured of by the use of the medicine, and the reward of \$500 is offered to the person who can furnish the name of the person who has been cured of catarrh by the use of the medicine.

## BERRY AT THE 'PHONE.

The Mayor's Private Secretary Takes a Bird's-Eye View of the Field on the Eve of Battle.



"Hello, Central, hello! I wish you'd let it be known to all your subscribers that the Old Man (the Mayor, I mean, you know) will shake hands for this day only—with anybody that chooses to call at Hewitt Hall! He's running for office now, you know—and between you and me, Central, I believe it's the Grand man that have got him on the run!"

"Now give me the New Amsterdam Club!" continued Berry.

"Hello, there, New Amsterdam, is the Boss in?"

New Amsterdam—What Boss? There's a powerful lot of County Democracy Bosses floating in and out here!"

Berry—A "Powerful" lot, you say? I believe you, my boy! Power's the one, after all that keeps the others fall of power! And he's the one I want to see! Ding-a-ling! Hello, Boss, is that you?"

Boss Power—Yes, it's me, Berry, with an accent on the M. How's the Old Man?"

Berry—Very anxious, and very despondent, Boss! I'm just taking a look over the field, the morning before the fray, so as to let him know whether he'd best lunch on a bird and a bottle to-day, or an oatmeal cracker and peptonized milk. How's the Irish vote going?"

Boss Power—Oh, it's all right for Grant! You see, what with the flag incident and the Mayor's being an Englishman himself, by decent, and his general scorn of "the Mac's and O's," and his poorly concealed contempt for our Col. Mike Murphy—well, I think the Irish vote's all right—for Grant!

Berry—Well, I'll be geewizzledecagaled, Boss, but you take it pretty cool! Why don't you rub it in on the Old Man a little harder? But, I say, it's pretty tough, and no mistake, to have Mike Murphy's indictment for theft published just at this time, ain't it? And him on the ticket with Abram Sockolowski Hewitt, too, and endorsed by him! How's the Dutch vote?"

Boss Power—You mean the Germans, I suppose—been so long in an office where you're accustomed to hearing them spoken of as "the Dutch" that you don't know a German citizen when you see him, eh? Well, it don't matter how you call 'em, since the Old Man's friend Crosby called 'em immigrants! They immigrated here a good while ago, but they're immigrants just the same, and that's the way they vote!

Berry—Oh, I say now, that's too much! How's the Eytalian vote going?"

Boss P.—The Eytalians? Those fellows that run around with "monks" and "orgs" and "bananas" and "penutia"? Well, they're Va-Grants, ain't they?

Berry—Well, won't Father Abram get the Russians, or the Folos, or even the zigzer vote?"

Boss P.—Not much! They're all immigrants. They're all proscribed by that Know-Nothing party he would insist on palavering with! That's "the kind of a hairpin" he is! as he said in Chickering Hall the other night. But there's one vote that I know he will get.

Berry—What's that?"

Boss P.—Well, it's the native American, the anti-foreign voters, the old Know-Nothing vote! He's got the everlasting clench on that!

I say Berry! Why don't you get him to write another letter about the truckmen? He's only written three, now, the last on Saturday, and I fear all the truckmen have been in this country twenty-one years are going to vote for Grant, while the rest of 'em are going for Erhardt! You'd better get him to write the truckmen another letter, now, on the eve of battle!

Berry—How much of the G. A. R. vote are we going to get?"

Boss P.—Well, now, I like that! Do you suppose the heroes of Appomattox are going for the man who said they wanted the earth, when there's a candidate by the name of Grant in the field? But you can tell Father Abram, for me, that if the Know-Nothing vote will elect him he's bound to get there! Good-by!

Berry—Hello, Central, give me the City Record office! Hello, Tom, is that you? There is one special behest the Old Man has for you, now on the eve of the battle! Costigan—What's that?"

Berry—For heaven's sake, in your rounds about the polling-places to-morrow, don't let the Hewitt all-tookook and kid-glove brigade come in personal contact with the Hewitt toughs, rouders and blokes like yourself, Tommy!

## A PLOT

The Republicans' Desperate Scheme to Secure Electors.

An Effort to Steal One from Each Doubtful State.

A Concentrated Attack Against One Man.

Elector George Bechtel the Victim in New York.

A Bold Scheme That Might Seem Harmless at First Glance.

A daring and deep-laid plot to steal a sufficient number of electoral votes to carry the election for the Republican party has just been unearthed.

The scheme, whose execution has with great ingenuity, been delayed until the very day before election, contemplates the theft of one electoral vote in every doubtful Democratic State, and if successful would send a Republican President in the White House in defiance of the expressed will of the people.

According to the time-honored but somewhat roundabout method of electing a President by means of an Electoral College ballots are cast in each State for a number of electors whose names, by reason of the fact that they must not be holders of Federal or State offices, are comparatively unknown to the voters.

It is the presumptive unfamiliarity with the names of the Democratic electors which gives this bold Republican manoeuvre a possible chance of success.

New York State, the prize for which both parties are contending, has thirty-six electoral votes. The Democratic candidates for Presidential electors are:

Samuel J. Tilden, George B. Bechtel, William M. Brewster, Simon J. Schermerhorn, Artemus B. Waite, James C. Wood, Gordon H. P. Gould, William Brewster, James Ryan, John G. Sears, Andrew Smith, Charles H. Evans, Edwin S. Underhill, Henry Hartog, Harry Eugene Eggleston, Daniel O'Day, James Peterson, Charles Henry Lee.

In such a long list of names it is alleged that the plotters calculate that one Republican name can be slipped in, so reducing the Democratic Electoral College in this State to 35.

A systematic attack is therefore made on one man on the genuine ticket, and voters in various parts of the State are appealed to in behalf of substitute candidates of the Republican faith and well known in the locality.

The victim chosen in New York State is George Bechtel, the well-known Staten Island brewer, whose name appears second on the Democratic electoral ticket.

Thousands of voters received an envelope, on the outside of which was the request: "Please paste this over the signature of George Bechtel."

These envelopes contained pasters with the names of Republicans well known in their districts, and all men of considerable personal following in their respective walks of life.

On Staten Island the name chosen as a substitute for Mr. Bechtel's was Read Benedict.

while in other parts of the State other names were used, the request being made in each instance that they should be used in place of George Bechtel.

If the scheme worked in anything like the degree hoped for by the Republican managers it would result in a loss of probably several thousand votes to Mr. Bechtel, causing him to run behind one of the Republican electors, who would therefore be chosen.

The same scheme, with trifling modifications, is being worked in other doubtful and Democratic States.

In Indiana, West Virginia, New Jersey, Connecticut, Michigan, Virginia, North Carolina, Nevada and California and several other States the attack is made on one Democratic elector.

The second name on the Democratic ticket is chosen in each instance, and in several States the first name is used in furtherance of another variety of the plot, which is expected to yield good results in the case of careless or ignorant citizens who do not examine their ballots closely.

The modus operandi in the latter instance is to put the name of the first Democratic elector at the head of a ballot and follow it with the names of Republican candidates.

Snarers are also laid for the careless Prohibitionist or labor voter. The first name on the electoral ticket is straight as a die, but the names which follow are those of Republican candidates for the Electoral College.

One of the bogus tickets widely circulated in New Jersey is headed "Regular Prohibition ticket," on which first appears the name of Gardner R. Colby, of Essex, the genuine nominee of the third party. The other names, which include Alexander G. Cattell, Richard S. Leeming, John F. Haines and Hugh W. Adams, are those of the candidates of the Republican party.

One of the consequences of the success of this scheme in any State would be a fierce contest on the part of the Republican electors as to who should take the place of the snatched candidate.

Each of the Republicans having the same vote, a long drawn legal battle might be kept up, the effect of which would be to leave the vote of the State in doubt for an indefinite period.

Such are the details of this bold plot on the part of the Republican managers. Its effect, they fondly hope, will be to cut one electoral vote from each of ten or a dozen States and so secure another lease of power.

## BISHOP GOES FOR BARNUM.

Telling Points on the Political Arguments of the Great Showman.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BRIDGPORT, Conn., Nov. 5.—Saturday night there was a tremendous outpouring of the people to hear William D. Bishop, ex-President of the New York and New Haven Railroad, address the Democracy in the Gem Hall.

Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, presided. Mr. Bishop was introduced amid an uproar of applause. He was cheered throughout his address, especially the telling points he made against his fellow-townsmen, P. T. Barnum.

He said: "This cry of love for the workingman was the biggest humbug yet, and to give character and competency to the wall the humbug party in this town had selected the Prince of Humbugs as its exponent. P. T. Barnum claims to be a Protectionist and made a practice of gathering from the four corners of the globe beasts and fables and things that crawl."

"According to Barnum's bill-posters, his collections are worth eight or ten millions, and he runs a business that requires free raw materials."

Mr. Bishop had had telegraphed to the Customs Collector asking what duty Barnum paid on his importations. Mr. Bishop then read the answer: "Barnum's animals are free of duty for breeding purposes—even the great Jumbo and the sacred white elephant."

"So," continued Mr. Bishop, "Barnum is running a breeding show." (Wild applause.)

Mr. Bishop continued: "You all know how Barnum has evaded his town and city taxes. He said that if his winter quarters were assessed he would move them away. Even after the fire he threatened to rebuild elsewhere unless the buildings were non-taxable. What would you think of Mr. A. C. Hobbs, President of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, if he should announce that unless his taxes were reduced he would move his large plant elsewhere? For I for one would think him one of the meanest and most contemptible asses that ever lived!"

Mr. Bishop spoke for two hours. It is many years since Mr. Bishop has made public addresses, and his remarks were listened to with deep interest.

## Brooklyn News in Brief.

Lincoln Clamper, of 274 Hicks street, received a couple fracture of the right leg while skylarking with his sister last night.

John McNight, of 215 Walworth street, Philadelphia, fell down the stairs at the city entrance on Beards street and was seriously injured about the head.

E. Gaffney's liquor saloon on Bridge street was robbed of \$50 worth of property last night. John Plunk's saloon, at 226 Hudson avenue, was also visited and the worth of property taken.

The apartments of Patrick Finley, of 120 Clinton avenue, were burglarized of \$25 worth of clothing. The case of alleged colonization for which Morris Hartung and his wife were arrested under bonds, was called on the attention of the Grand Jury by Judge Moore this morning.

# EXTRA

O'CLOCK.

## DUDLEY WANTED.

An Order Issued in Indiana for His Arrest.

Democrats Discover a Scheme of Wholesale Corruption.

Many Republican Arrests Expected To-Day and To-Morrow.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 5.—That infamous letter is bearing fruit, and the resort to the methods which that letter outlined seems likely to fill the jails of the State before Election Day is over.

The publication of the circular has put the Democrats on their guard against the corruption which the Republicans were preparing to practice, and the investigation set in progress has resulted in unearthing a wholesale scheme of bribery all over the State.

In dealing with the matter the United States authorities decided to begin at the fountain head, and in accordance with that plan a warrant was last night issued for the arrest of the chief alleged conspirator, William Wade Dudley himself.

It had been rumored that Dudley was coming to Indiana, and so the warrant was issued now, in order that he may be arrested the moment he sets foot on Hoosier soil.

No order could be issued for his removal to this jurisdiction until after the Grand Jury has returned an indictment, and the Federal Grand Jury does not meet until the 12th inst.

The warrant was sworn out before United States Commissioner Nathan Morris, on the affidavit of Capt. John A. Laug, who has been appointed chief of the election detectives by Surgeon General Travis, and who is in charge of the special United States marines.

In this affidavit Capt. Laug charges Dudley with conspiracy to bribe voters. If Dudley comes to the State he will be promptly arrested. If he remains in New York, he will be arrested there and brought here for trial.

While waiting for Dudley to get within reach of the law, the United States authorities have also been paying attention to his able lieutenants here on the ground, and a large number of arrests are expected to-day and to-morrow.

Evidence sufficient to convict has been secured against several and sundry Republican corruptionists, and already several of them have been gathered in.

So widespread is the conspiracy that it was necessary last night to keep on a double watch the Marshal's office to make out the warrants and other papers.

The evidence already obtained shows that the "blocks-of-five" plan has been set in motion, and that the same has been confined to any particular locality in the State.

From all parts, big towns and little, come reports of attempts at wholesale bribery, and it seems as if the legal machinery of the State would be taxed to prevent the carrying out of the plot.

## LOOKING OUT FOR QUAY.

Democrats Fearful that He Will Make Name for Himself Here.

Little doubt exists in the minds of the Democratic managers that Senator Quay and his representatives are to resort to some desperate trick to decrease the Democratic plurality in this city.

Money, the Republicans' strongest weapon, will be used without stint, but, not satisfied that the purchase power of "dollar gold" will be sufficient to sway them it is alleged that wholesale appeals of Democratic voters will be made through John J. Davenport's political bureau.

The Democratic State Committee is informed that the Davenport's bureau has selected a number of voters, which he has taken advantage to compile by reason of his position as Chief Supervisor of Elections, will furnish the names of the Democratic voters to his policy of suffrage-rights suppression.

Neither Senator Quay nor any other of the Republican Executive Committee will go home to vote, but will remain at headquarters to direct their forces in Tuesday's great battle.

## ALTA'S BAIL REDUCED.

He's an Important Witness in the Cooper Union Murder Case.

An application for a reduction of bail in the case of Frank Alta was made before Judge Brady this forenoon in the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

The applicant is held as a witness in the matter of the recent Placemico murder in front of Cooper Union.

District Attorney Fellows opposed the application.

The Court reduced the bail to \$2,500, and the prisoner's friends immediately went in search of a bondsman.